UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

Editors

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**

One More Big Idea for 1926

By SYDNEY STRONG

The Case for Bulgaria

By P. M. MATTHÉEFF

Joseph Conrad—His Outlook on Life

By JOHN HERMAN RANDALL

VOLUME XCVI NUMBER 18

Chicago, January 18, 1926

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE

Pamphlet Mission

FOR

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER

IN

RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROSSITER, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVI MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 1926 NUMBER 18

THE ORDER OF PEACE AND GOOD WILL

We agree to deny ourselves, so far as possible, every expression of complaint, fault-finding, resentment, or bitterness. If we are fractious we will not show it. We will not complain at our circumstances, however meager, uncomfortable, or lonely they may be. We will not complain at the weather, or the state of our health. We will not answer back with anger, as much as by a look, even if we think ourselves treated with disrespect or injustice. We will bear it if we receive less of love, honor, or attention than we deserve. We will not stretch out our hands to demand more than we get.

We will deny ourselves the desire to inflict punishment. Who is good enough or wise enough to punish others? We will not denounce anyone. We will give up the use of blame, even against the blameworthy. We will not combat other people's opinions or try to argue them down. If we can say nothing good of a neighbor, we will say nothing at all. We will make no one unhappy if we can help it. We will not try to detect evil, or to attack it, or to utter it. We will have the least possible to do with it. We will henceforth turn our forces in the directions of good. We will discover all the good there is in our conditions and our circumstances. We will count up the full value of the assets that belong to us, every item of good health that remains, all beautiful scenery, all memories of sunny days, all our comforts, every loyal friend.

We will find out and appreciate whatever good there is in our friends, our neighbors, and our attendants. We will try to understand their opinions, their politics, and their religion. We will say kind words to them whenever we can. We will tell them, if they care to hear, what our best thought is. We will be good-natured if they do not agree with us.

We must sometimes, doubtless, speak out and say what we think! We cannot let evil be confounded with good. We cannot stand by and see injustice done. We will speak then, if we must, to some purpose and do good when we speak. We will speak for the sake of others, and never because we are hurt. We will never say disagreeable things for the satisfaction of saying them.

We will assure ourselves that our temper is good, before we say what will pain our neighbor to hear; otherwise we will not dare to speak. We will use the voice and tone of sympathy, or if our voice is harsh, we will wait till we can recover its tone. We will approach our neighbor with good will, or we will let him alone. We will repeat to ourselves certain good words, "Thy kingdom come; Thy will (that is, the good will) be done"; and if we cannot say these words in good faith, we will not dare to condemn anyone else.

This is the Order of Peace and Good-Will. We aim to make the least possible trouble; we aim to give no one needless pain; we aim to stop strife; we aim to overcome evil with good. We see no other way to kill evil. We are here to make the world happy.

—*Charles F. Dole.*

A terrible misprint occurred in the January 4th issue of UNITY, page 246, in the second item of "Jottings." There poor *Foreign Affairs* of London was made to say, "France, Germany, Great Britain—each has a general of whom we are *afraid.*" The last word, of course, should have been "proud," as witness the noble generals named in the next sentence. We hasten to make this correction in this conspicuous place in justice to our admired contemporary and in vindication of our own sanity.

The record of the famous dead in 1925, set down in these columns a fortnight ago up to December 15th last, must now be completed. The greatest man to pass in these closing weeks of the old year was LADISLAS REYMONT, Polish novelist, author of "The Peasants," a series of four novels published under the successive titles of "August," "Winter," "Spring" and "Summer." For this gigantic and probably immortal work, Reymont was granted the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1924. Next must be mentioned M. MELINO, ex-Premier of France, noted particularly for his useful work in the field of agriculture. FRANK MUNSEY was known gratefully to millions as the publisher of *Munsey's Magazine,* the first successful ten-cent monthly of the higher class in this country. Later he became a newspaper broker, buying and selling newspapers as another man buys and sells stocks or boots and shoes. His influence in this difficult field was almost wholly bad; more than that of any other man, his work transformed journalism from a profession into a business. His munificent gift by will to the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York was an act of public generosity which will go far toward rehabilitating and perpetuating his fame. In the last days of the year died HENRY REUTERDAHL, a marine artist and illustrator of great ability, particularly well known for his naval pictures; and ADMIRAL RAYMOND RODGERS, a stalwart officer who believed in preparedness clear through to the muzzle of the biggest gun that could be manufactured. Thus ends the roll for 1925! Men great and little, with fame pathetically or ludicrously disproportionate in most cases to their real serviceableness to the human race! But fame carries not far beyond the grave, and endures not long here. What all men find is peace, and most men oblivion. So be it!

When considering the attitude of the European nations on the debts question, it may be well to remember what these same nations do when other and weaker powers owe them money. Years ago, for example, the Khedive of Egypt borrowed huge sums at high rates of interest, and used the money partly for works of national improvement and partly for his own

profligate personal pleasures. When the Egyptian people found it difficult to pay, the European debtors didn't consider any questions of "capacity to pay." They simply proceeded to enforce payment by occupying the country, just as though America should now go and occupy Cherbourg and Paris. And one of these debtor nations, by the way, was France! Again, take what is going on in China to-day. Some years ago—in 1918, to be exact—a few Pekin politicians, temporarily in possession of the government, borrowed some 150,000,000 yen (about $75,000,000) from Japan. What these politicians did with this money, nobody knows. They certainly did not use it for the benefit of the Chinese nation. A large part was undoubtedly used to keep the borrowers in office, and the rest as undoubtedly went to line their pocketbooks and feather their nests. Now to-day, long after these politicians have disappeared, the Chinese people are being called upon to pay their debt. Japan is insisting upon the right to get back her money, and the other great powers of the world are sustaining her in her demands upon China. And so far as we are able to discover, nobody is talking about "capacity to pay" upon the one side or "Shylock" upon the other. Think of what the United States would be doing if France were not France but San Domingo, if Italy were not Italy but Haiti. And think what France and Italy would be doing if some small people owed them money in the same way they owe the United States. There is a certain famous prayer which reads "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." On this basis no European nation deserves one atom of mercy.

A fascinating article in the *New Republic* for December 30th last (page 150) asks the question, What Makes a First-Page Story, and as a basis of discussion lists the ten big newspaper stories of 1925. These are:

The Evolution Trial at Dayton.
The Shenandoah disaster.
Floyd Collins entombed at Cave City.
Gunnar Kasson's race to Nome.
The coal strike.
The Caillaux mission.
The Rhinelander case.
Gerald Chapman.
Amundsen's dash to the Pole.
Col. Mitchell's attack on the army.

This is an impressive list of events as showing what, in the judgment of trained journalists, constitutes "news"—what the public mind in America is really interested in. From one viewpoint, the list is encouraging. Thus, it contains little sex and crime—only one of the former class (the Rhinelander case) and one of the latter (Gerald Chapman.) The idea that the multitudes are interested only in women and murder is here shown to be simply not true. On the other hand, the list is discouraging. Thus it is concerned mainly with trivialities—a disaster, a personal tragedy, a couple of sporting adventures, an army row, etc., nearly every one of which will be utterly forgotten in years or even months to come. Only two of these ten first-page stories have any permanent significance of any kind—namely, the coal strike and the Caillaux mission. And during this same year there was a complete eclipse of the sun in these regions—La Follette, Bryan, Curzon, Eberts, Amy Lowell were passing from the stage—Mussolini was consolidating his imperial dictatorship in Italy—the Locarno agreements were being signed—the League of Nations settling the Greece-Bulgarian dispute and summoning a disarmament conference—cabinets rose and fell in France, amid increasing national disintegration—wars raged in Morocco and Syria, with the unforgettable horror of Damascus—China was in ferment, and Russia waxing in power and portent! But the newspapers and their readers cared for none of these things. What are we to think of such a fact?

UNITY feels like getting down on its knees and asking forgiveness of "Golden Rule" Nash, of Cincinnati. Some years ago we printed in these columns some drastic criticisms of his labor policy. We were not alone in voicing our doubts and questions, for social workers and reformers generally were a unit in regarding his attitude toward his workers as a bit of amiable sentimentalism which, however worthy in motive, was grounded in no sound principles of scientific industrial democracy. Nor were we wrong in what we said, for Mr. Nash's later experiences have gone far toward revealing what seemed to us to be fatal defects in the whole arrangement. But we owe apology, all the same, for criticising what was obviously the first endeavor of a sincere and noble man to apply to the extremely intricate conditions of modern industry the ideal of the Golden Rule, and for not waiting for those later stages of experience and new endeavor which would show what was involved. Now Mr. Nash has answered all his critics, demonstrated at once his own consecrated idealism and heroic statesmanship, by crowning the step-by-step unfolding of his scheme by voluntarily signing up with the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America and thus unionizing his hitherto "open shop." "This is the first time," says Mr. Nash, "that the head of a great industry has positively and aggressively taken the initiative by not only requesting but urging that all of his workers join in the great organized labor movement." Scoffers are already pointing out that Mr. Nash's hands were being forced—that his own plans, based on the "open shop" principle, had failed, and that this was the only way of escaping from a situation that was getting to be impossible. But, as an original scoffer ourselves, we have watched Mr. Nash, and have become convinced that we have in him a sincere Christian, determined to work out the problems of modern business in terms of Christian ethics,

able to learn from experience, and willing to act at any personal sacrifice upon what he finds to be "true and righteous altogether." What we have in this voluntary unionization of the Nash shops is a proof of Arthur Nash's utter dedication to a great life purpose, and an epoch-making victory for the trades union idea in modern industry.

Winthrop D. Lane has done an extraordinarily valuable piece of public service in preparing his recently published report on military training in our American schools and colleges. Few persons have realized, we imagine, the extent to which the militarization of our educational system is going on these days. Thus in 1915, before the United States got into the "war to end war," there were only 119 army officers detailed to act as military instructors in schools of all kinds. Today there are 768 officers and 1064 enlisted men detailed to such service—an increase in ten years of 1480 per cent! The number of educational institutions in which some kind of drilling is going on is uncertain, but Mr. Lane knows of 124 colleges and universities which have units of the R. O. T. C., and 63 high schools, together with 39 others, listed as "essentially military schools." In 83 of the colleges, and in the high schools of 23 cities, the military training course is compulsory. Mr. Lane states that these totals are steadily increasing. The course of training, it should be understood, is prescribed by the War Department, and, once introduced, is altogether beyond the control of the local faculty. These are facts—and there are many more of the same kind in Mr. Lane's report!—which should be known to the public, for we believe that the people only need to be acquainted with what is going on to put a stop to it forthwith. It didn't take the people long to destroy the well-organized movement for universal military training. Defeated in this stupid attempt to Prussianize the republic, our army plotters turned to our schools and colleges, and have made astounding progress without anybody's knowing anything particular about it. Now comes the Lane report as the first step in telling the American people what the army is attempting to do with their children. Once made familiar with the facts, the people will act, and act quickly. To the committee behind this work of public enlightenment—Senator Borah, John Dewey, Bishop McConnell, President MacCracken and others—are due the thanks of the Republic.

The New York *Nation* asks a question in regard to the problem of chaplains in the army which we wonder has not been asked before. We would like to see some defender of the military chaplain business answer it. Referring to the regrettable action of the Executive Committee of the Federal Council of Churches, at its recent meeting in Detroit, in voting to continue its approval of the system of supplying chaplains to the army, after it had most commendably denounced war as the "supreme enemy of mankind" and its continuance "the suicide of civilization," the *Nation* asks (January 6th, page 2) why not supply chaplains "to the brothel and to the saloon, since these are only lesser evils and not the 'supreme enemy of mankind'?" This question is fair and straight to the point. It hews away a million and one extraneous considerations which only serve to obscure the perfectly clear issue which is involved in the church's participation in war through the chaplain system. The minister who is attached to a regiment is not there to emancipate the soldiers from the horrid plight in which they find themselves. He does not warn them against the evil of their ways, and point to them the path of escape and deliverance. On the contrary, the chaplain cheers on the men, maintains their morale by blessing their deeds, sanctifies the work to which they have dedicated their lives. By his presence and his prayers, in other words, he lends the whole weight of his spiritual support to the business of war, just as in a similar circumstance he would be lending his support to the business of prostitution or of liquor-selling. A chaplain for harlots and bar-keepers is unthinkable, for the simple reason that we understand the essential evil of their practices from the standpoint of human interest. What we need now is to understand the equally essential evil of war—what the Federal Council says but does not yet believe that it is the "supreme enemy of mankind"! When this fact is really seen, why, a chaplain to give blessing to a regiment in battle will be simply inconceivable. This whole question is important as the *test* of the church's attitude toward war!

One More Big Idea for 1926

It was just a year ago that I proposed to my readers that we carry with us certain Big Ideas into 1925. As I write, mid-night ushering in 1926 is five hours away. Naturally my mind reverts to those Big Ideas with which I proposed that we should pack our grips as we started out on 1925. Those ideas were the *outlawry of war,* the idea that *love is power* and the *practice of racial fraternity.*

How has it fared with these ideas? Do they look as important as a year ago? As to the outlawry of war, I said that it was essential to be thorough in applying the principle. Outlawing war should imply the outlawing of warriors. When slavery was outlawed, the slave-holder passed into an outlawed class. Today he is classed as a criminal. When the saloon was outlawed, the saloon-keeper passed into an outlawed class. Today he is classed as a criminal. Unless a principle like the outlawry of war is *socially* applied it degenerates into mere sentiment or doctrine. I am still convinced that here is a Big Idea that should be carried

over into 1926. I am unable to discover much, if any, encouragement in the League or in the World Court as agencies of peace because they do not begin with pronouncing war a crime. Many of my friends who are promoting the League, and especially at this time speaking ardently for the Court, are wasting time and energy, and will, as long as they recognize war and warriors as members of good society. Until war is put where slavery and drunkenness were, little progress will be made for war's abolition. The outlawry of war is a Big Idea and worth carrying into 1926, but the principle must be worked thoroughly.

That love is a power was and is a Big Idea. Little bits of evidence have been coming in during 1925 to show that this fact is not only the central truth of the Bible—in other words, the "gospel"—but that love is a living force today. To anyone who can look under the surface it is clear that the forces of sacrifice, service and love have been winning. The power of a life like Gandhi's, for example, has been increasing through the year. Maybe not politically—but even here the end is not yet—but as an inspiring personality arousing, guiding and cheering literally millions; in twenty years over-leaping all national and racial barriers and regarded as literally a "man of God." And this power is clearly rooted in Love. That love is a power is a Big Idea. It has a certain eternal quality that makes it worthy to be carried over into 1926.

As to the *practice of racial fraternity*—that was one of the Big Ideas with which we were to enter 1925. How has it gone? It is just as imperial an idea as ever. As I look out on the world it is plainly to be seen that the nations and the races are coming closer together—though often against their inclinations. This is certain to lead to racial fraternity. On the other hand, those who pray "Our Father"—and there are millions who so pray—will be inevitably drawn together. At no distant day, men will smile over those Christian generations that refused to practice racial fraternity. Even in our day and in our democratic land, when some one asks the question, "Where can a Negro eat, in our restaurants?" or "Where can a Negro sleep, in our hotels?"—we are a bit perplexed. Where can he? Certainly there are few hotels and restaurants where the principle of racial fraternity is practiced. Yet, it is a Big Idea, an idea without the understanding and practice of which it will be impossible for man to "enter into the kingdom of heaven." America can not win eternal life unless she practices fraternity in the Philippines; unless the races which make up her 115,000,000 people have sense enough to look upon each other as brothers. This Big Idea is worthy a place among our working ideas for 1926.

I now propose a fourth Big Idea as we enter 1926. It is the recognition of the Pacific as the theatre of the most important movements of the next half century. Certainly one cannot let his imagination run down the Pacific Coast, starting with Alaska, passing on to Hawaii and New Zealand and Australia, then on to India and back along the Chinese Coast—not overlooking Singapore, Manila and Hongkong—and along the little islands of Japan (reminding one of the British Isles)—then remembering that about a billion of people have seaports on this great ocean, the Pacific, without becoming conscious that this theatre as compared with other parts of the world is like the modern "college bowl" as compared with the village ball-field of years ago. The Pacific is a theatre in which the whole human race should begin to take a large and increasing interest. Men, who have the interests of humanity at heart, should whip up their faculties of invention and should seek for an understanding of the life of the millions around this ocean. That marvelous changes have taken place, during the past fifty years, in Australasia, in Asia as well in that part of America bordering on the Pacific, is not yet known to the great mass of humanity. The Pacific Ocean presents a fascinating world for the highest ideals of the race to be applied. Already little starts have been made in understanding and friendship, but these are only "first swallows." There must be whole flocks of efforts in good will. In many American colleges are some Oriental students, but all along the Coast—on both sides—must spring up international institutions of education. There have been a few visits of workers, merchants and educators going from one side to the other, but there must be many great institutes and conferences of workers, merchants and educators, with delegates from every nation on the Pacific. There have been a few cruises of battleships (the fewer the better), but the time is at hand when scores of cruises composed of internationals from each nation, gaining a thorough exchange of ideas with the countries they touch, will go forth to make a circuit of the Pacific.

This is but a hint of what I have in mind. The idea is that the whole earth should recognize the importance of the Pacific in the future development of the human race. The "East" should be regarded as a new "West." It should seem to be the greatest theatre for human activity and development. . . . And again, as at the beginnnig of 1925, the three Big Ideas of the *outlawry of war,* the *power of love,* and the *practice of racial fraternity* are commended as ideas that are adequate to meet and solve the problems rising around the Pacific.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

We are not ordinarily sensitive in matters pertaining to the profession of the ministry. But we have to confess that our gorge rose something more than a bit when we read the proposal that the Theological School at Meadville, Pa., be turned into an old ladies' home! Why rub it in?

Defenders of the late Ambassador Page's record in England are being driven these days to desperate expedients. We have seen none more desperate than the statement of a correspondent in the *Saturday Review of Literature* (January 2, page 470) that "Walter H. Page was a *salesman* of the highest type. His product was the United States." True! The Ambassador sold his country to the British buyers. But think of anybody boasting about it as something to be proud of!

Again we wonder if any Protestant churches will be left in New York City a century hence. A few years ago, three great Presbyterian churches consolidated

into one. Last year three Unitarian churches in Brooklyn did the same. Now comes the announcement that three Lutheran churches in Manhattan—Holy Trinity, Church of the Advent, and Church of the Atonement—are to join forces. Meanwhile, population keeps right on growing, and competition between denominations is as keen as ever.

Professor Moulton's announcement that the end of the world is surely coming is good comfort for the Milleniallites. The comfort grows pretty cold, however, when he places the date at not less than 1,000,000,000,000,000 years hence. How many will be patient enough to wait that long?

A group of famous English men and women have signed a petition to their government to eliminate Articles 227 and 231 from the Treaty of Versailles, the articles which pronounced Germany responsible for the war and guilty of grave offenses against international morality. Among the signers are Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Gilbert Murray, St. John Ervine, Julian Huxley, Israel Zangwill, and Forbes-Robertson.

> We regard these two articles, says the petition, as having expressed a state of mind . . . which has now largely passed away. We believe that they are manifestly unjust and constitute a grave obstacle to international understanding.

New York City finds, according to the recent state census, that her population has increased only 253,000 in the last five years, and her cries of lamentation are mounting to high heaven. The idea that a growth of more than a quarter of a million people in half a decade is a calamity of the first order, and that any cutting down of that figure would be a blessing seems never to occur to inhabitants of that ambitious but horribly over-crowded burg. —J. H. H.

The Case for Bulgaria

[From Our Bulgarian Correspondent]

The question of countries, nationalities, languages and frontiers in these parts is very complicated for those who have not given mind and time to their prolonged study and their working. For such the question is very simple. Because of the apparent complications, and the injustice some of these countries have labored under in the past, and are laboring under in the present, the aspirations and rights of several of them are in constant conflict. The propaganda, the press and literature resulting from this is most extraordinary. Eminent professors, scientists, especially Serbian and Greek, are highly Chauvinistic on these questions, and giving way to passion, are blind to reason and conscience. I do not exaggerate when I say that the Bulgarian people is the one which has suffered most, and has been and is treated unjustly as none other. The Bulgarian state and nation was the greatest in the Balkan Peninsula, leaving out the Byzantine-Roman; it was the most cultured; it gave letters and literature to the other Slav countries. Look up the history of Bulgarian Bogomils, the first Protestant reformers, idealist Christians. Their heresy spread through Italy into France under the organization of their (Bulgarian) bishops, who traveled from country to country for the purpose. The Albigenses in Southern France, so ruthlessly destroyed, were Bogomil heretics.

Look at the map! You will find the Bulgarian people occupying the central part of the Peninsula. The main power of the Turks was concentrated there, and this explains why the Bulgarians were the last to be freed. The Rumanians, Greeks and Serbians lying on the periphery of the Turkish possessions were, one after another, freed, and long before the turn of Bulgaria came. Bulgaria for centuries had existed for the outside world as a geographical expression. The Bulgarians, because placed under the jurisdiction of the Greek Constantinople Patriarchate, were considered and treated as Greeks, and thus were under two oppressions—spiritual Greek and political Turkish. These conditions fed the covetous desires of the surrounding countries, Serbia, Rumania and Greece, who looked upon the apathy of the Bulgarian masses as good hunting ground, and waited impatiently for the final crisis of the Sick Man (the Turk) to scramble for the Bulgarian lands and people. Tremendous has been their disappointment. Liberated Bulgaria grew and grew until it took the lead of all its neighbors. Bulgaria led the Balkan Alliance; Bulgaria smashed the Turkish power in Europe. The parts played by Greece and Serbia were ridiculously small, and that of Rumania was simply ignominious. In the last great war the Bulgarian forces drove the Rumanians, with the Russians, from the Debroudja like chaff before the wind. They did the same with the Serbians; the Greeks gave no opportunity. We have vanquished in the field every one of our neighbors, the Turks included. You will now understand the envy, the hate, the passion which push these neighbors to bring about the complete destruction of the Bulgarians. Some powers seem to think that Bulgaria, being already so reduced, humiliated and burdened, might as well be effaced by *final partition*.

They will be disappointed, and not for the first time! The greatest enemy the Bulgarians have at present is Serbia (Jugoslavia). The conspiracy which organized the explosion in the church could not have succeeded without the support of the Serbian authorities. On the turning out of the criminal Agrarian government two years ago, and on the suppression of the Communist rising last June, several thousands fled from justice, men of the worst type, many murderers. All these found a safe home in Serbia. Public subscriptions were made for them, and they were established in towns nearest our frontier, whence in armed bands they made incursions into Bulgaria, burning, robbing and murdering. The object of Serbian authorities is to bring about disorder in Bulgaria and find an excuse to march in and prove that the country to be kept quiet must be occupied. Of course the Bolshevik

Russian activity is at the bottom of recent events in Bulgaria, but it could not have succeeded so well without Serbia's support.

The present bad, impossible relations between Bulgaria and Serbia have one special explanation—*Macedonia!* The country is Bulgarian, determined to be such, but the Serbians are *dead upon making it Serbian.* There is the key to the extremely bad political situation of today and for some time past. . . .

The Bulgarians were the most backward, the last to be liberated (1878) of the Balkan peoples. They are now the most advanced of all. In schooling, in literacy, we surpass all our neighbors—and in *honesty,* too! But we have been most unfortunate, and are most unhappy. Judge of the Serbians, Greeks, and even the Rumanians by the information they persistently spread against us in hate and malice. Lies upon lies! If one per cent were true, we would be unfit to live. Judge of them by their maneuvering, Czechoslovakia with them, as the *Petite Entente.* But for the support they receive from France, ridicule should have killed them by this time. Jugoslavia has ruined Montenegro with her iron heel; she is trying to do the same with Croatia and Macedonia. She will fail!

What can an honest man think of a government which can send such instructions for the rule of a subject province, Macedonia, as are contained in the enclosure herewith? (See below.)

P. M. MATTHÉEFF.

Sofia, Bulgaria.

[Enclosure]

An official circular posted up in the inhabited places of Southern Serbia (Macedonia), signed by M. Drashkovitch, Minister of the Interior of Serbia. Translated by P. M. Matthéeff.

After the war the population must be quieted. In this country there is no real peace. The traveller is not secure on the road, the workman at work, the merchant in his commerce, nobody passes a quiet night, because all are in fear of their life, in fear for their children and property. In all the provinces of our country as many evil deeds do not occur during a whole year as occur in one week in this part of it.

An end must be put to this situation. The power of the law must be recognized, and the power of violence must cease. Therefore the despatch in these parts of an armed force and the reinforcement of the gendarmerie must commence.

But before the power of the State commences action, the royal and State mercy must manifest itself. In these parts there are rebels. Some have committed a crime and have fled, others have fled from fear, others have been frightened by the army, others again by persuasion and without sufficient reason live deprived of liberty threatening the liberty of others.

The present is an invitation to all who have fled to give themselves up to the military or civil authorities, in the manner each one finds best. The delay is to the 10th of March.

I.

He who delivers himself up, will receive from the royal and State mercy, free pardon for all crimes perpetrated under the enemy, during the time of its occupation, down to the 16th August, 1919, the day on which the constitution was proclaimed for these parts.

From this amnesty are excluded murderers only; these, however, will be intrusted and judged only, then, when the cases of such have occurred before the end of the year 1920. But even for murders, as also for other serious criminal actions, which in accordance with the law are punished by death, life will be respected for all who deliver themselves up. The claim for damages alone will stand.

Besides, all who have committed murder for revenge will be freed from criminal prosecution, against whom so far no prosecution has been initiated and will not have been initiated before the 10th of March, this year, or should there have been a complaint, and the private claimants have withdrawn their demands before that date, not having come to an arrangement in accordance with their blood feud customs.

All fugitives who give themselves up, who during the time of their wandering have not perpetrated any criminal action, against whom there are no demands, will be left at liberty, as also pardoned criminals.

The deserters from the army will not be tried, their crimes will be given over to oblivion. They will be merely sent to their own parts of the army to complete their time of service.

He who delivers himself up will be judged more leniently than he who is arrested.

The same alleviation and pardon, provided for the present fugitives and the population, will be extended to all arrested or condemned persons from these parts, who have delivered themselves up, or have not been fugitives.

The courts will decide the cases at the latest within four months from the day of submission.

II.

He who does not deliver himself up, will receive no pardon and will be pursued until he is captured. He draws misfortune to all, both to his family and his village and the entire province. Because if by the day fixed the fugitives fail to give themselves up to the State authorities, a pursuit will be started by the military forces, the gendarmerie and special pursuing bands of civilians. The pursuing bands will extend their action also into the neighboring districts, they will close the passes and paths, they will search houses, villages, forests, caves and all secret places of all kinds. The rebels will be killed and seized, their families transported. The entire village will be transported to some other distant place should it secrete or feed such rebels. In such villages and places will be billeted soldiers at their expense, who will be stationed there until the fugitives are killed or seized. The villages will have to pay all damages occasioned by the burning or destruction of the belongings of others, by the robberies or the drivings off of property, by every action perpetrated by the fugitives.

III.

Arms are to be declared and given up. Arms to be supplied to the communities for the pursuit of evil doers and wild animals.

IV.

A special government commissioner will reside in these parts, to him every one may submit his complaint, also any he may have to make against the State functionaries.

***

Citizens! Serbians, Turks, and Albanians, Orthodox, Cathlics and Mohammedans, trust in the State and its authorities. Do not do injustice and violence to one another, because the State will do justice to all. You the older counsel the younger; you the reasonable and the peaceful instruct the senseless and foolish; you fathers and mothers keep your children from going into the forest, but send them to school, to church or mosque, to serve their king and by work to assist their parents. The women should persuade their fugitive husbands to make peace with the State, because it will be bad for them, if they are, along with the children, transported to a distant country, and their hearths and property overgrown with weeds and thorn, so long as their husbands continue their evil life. Spiritual and civilian elders! Be friends to yourself and to those around you. Speak, instruct, counsel.

There is time, to the 10th of March. May the voice of the royal and State mercy reach all the secret places and the fugitives. In the same manner may the voice of the severity of the law towards those, who think that they may evade their punishment, reach everywhere.

The royal government with this fulfills its duty.

Let no one say that he has not understood.

Belgrade, 28 January, 1921.*

Minister of the Affairs of the Interior:
(s.) M. DRASHKOVITCH.

*In force, 1924.

NOONTIDE

The clouds are thin; the eastern breeze is light,
And slowly wells the noontide o'er the land.
By the river's bank the flowers bid me stand,
And willows that are grateful to my sight,
In all their quiet joy I have a part.
Men chide, "Childlike you waste the precious hours."
They do not know the noontide in my heart.

—*Cheu, Min-Tao.*

Translated from the Chinese by C. H. Chu.
Put into verse by R. M. K.

Joseph Conrad—His Outlook on Life

The sudden death of Joseph Conrad, following so closely his visit to this country, removed from the field of English letters one of the most gifted and original writers of our time. With the exception of Thomas Hardy and Bernard Shaw, no English man of letters could have given by his death such importance to the year 1924.

Like so many of the most enduring writers, he was long unrecognized save by the elect few; but it is a satisfaction to remember that during the last ten or fifteen years Joseph Conrad had come into his own, and his early and limited following had gradually expanded until today it represents a large multitude throughout the intellectual world. Not only in England, and in this country where alone his books have sold upwards of a half million copies, but literally throughout the world, the news of Conrad's death this summer brought a deep sense of genuine grief and personal loss to all his admirers and friends.

For all Conrad enthusiasts, of whom I confess frankly I am one, the publishing of a new book by Conrad was eagerly anticipated as nothing less than a literary event, and its reading always added inexpressibly to the deepening and enriching of one's own experience. Now the remarkable series of books is closed, and there remains for us only the re-reading, in more reflective mood, of the stories we have already learned to love.

The surprising thing in connection with the many tributes that have appeared since his death lies in the evidence they offer of his well-nigh universal appeal. These have appeared not only in the magazines devoted to literature but in the daily papers of every type, conveying the idea that Conrad, though presenting "difficulties" to many readers, had nevertheless won his way to all hearts. We are all, it would seem, in the debt of this man who was born a Pole, who lived the life of the sea from cabin boy to captain, and who mastered at mid-life the English language in order that he might make it the instrument of his incomparable style.

For all the critics Conrad stands out as the greatest writer of sea-tales of all time; but he is much more than that. He is a profound thinker who presents in his stories, with an artistry that is nothing less than genius, a philosophy of life that is the direct expression of the whole man and the interpretation of his wide experience. It is his outlook on life, quite as much as his matchless stories of adventure, that has secured for Conrad his wide appeal, and that will give to his books a permanent place in English literature long after the ephemeral novels of to-day have been forgotten.

One of the inexplicable but alluring mysteries of Conrad's life is the fact that he was a native of a land without a sea-board, and yet that he should have celebrated most eloquently the sinister but irresistible fascination of the ocean which Englishmen are inclined to claim as their own; though he never set foot in England nor spoke a word of the tongue he was so thoroughly to master until he was twenty years old.

Born in Poland in 1857 when that country was writhing under the heel of Russian despotism, of an aristocratic family that had suffered much and was to suffer more by its resistance to the intruder, Joseph Conrad was bound by every sentiment of patriotism and filial piety to his native land. Yet at the age of fifteen he felt, as he himself puts it, "an overmastering vocation to the sea," and above all, to the English mercantile service. He could not explain any more than can we the sources of his feeling. It was the command of an "inner voice" which seemed at the time like the betrayal of all the traditions of his past life, but from whose insistent sincerity he could not escape. His tutor, set by his relatives to the vain task of dissuading the boy from his ambition, finally gave it up with the exclamation, "you are an incorrigible Don Quixote."

But even more mysterious is the fate that transferred Conrad from the sea to literature. He describes himself as "the most unliterary of writers," in the sense that literary ambition had never entered the world of his imagination. After sixteen years spent on the ocean, after achieving the ambition of his youth—a master's certificate in the British marine—in order to pass the idle time between two voyages, Conrad wrote the opening chapter of his first novel, "Almayer's Folly," in the front room of a Bloomsbury boarding house. But the story that had taken shape in his imagination grew very slowly. In five years of sea voyages, adding to it little by little, he had completed only nine chapters, and still had no serious intention of publishing or any realization of the new destiny that had so subtly ensnared him. But in 1894 the results of a fever contracted on the Congo made it doubtful whether he could ever return to the sea. During this period of uncertainty as to what he should do, and almost as an afterthought, he sent the manuscript of "Almayer's Folly" to the publisher. To his great surprise it was accepted, and thenceforth Conrad exchanged the quarterdeck for the author's desk.

But though Conrad was thus obliged to leave the sea, he did not desert it. Most of his short stories and all but two of his novels, are set either on the waters or at the water's edge. Of the novels, five deal with situations in the eastern seas around the Malay Archipelago: "Almayer's Folly," "An Outcast of the Islands," "Lord Jim," "Victory" and "The Rescue." "The Nigger of the Narcissus" and "Chance" deal with voyages in the African and Atlantic Seas respectively. "Nostromo" treats of adventures on the South American seaboard, "The Arrow of Gold" and "The Rover" in the Mediterranean. There are only two novels which at no point touch the sea: "The Secret Agent," a story of anarchists in London, and "Under Western Eyes," which deals with Russian revolutionaries.

The storms of the Cape, the typhoons of the Indian Ocean, the steaming banks and sinuous creeks of the Malay Archipelago, the placid gulfs of South America —these furnish the scenes of his dramas; but they are much more than mere external scenery, they are a part of the very body and soul of his plots, they color through and through the innermost texture of his art. Nor is this merely accidental, or the natural exploitation of his experience; it is the inevitable result of a genuine and intense feeling for the sea, it is an act of piety to the past. To quote his own words:

> I have tried with an almost filial regard to render the vibration of life in the great world of waters, in the hearts of the simple men who have for ages traversed its solitudes, and also that something sentient which seems to dwell in ships—the creatures of their hands and the objects of their care.

The sea, the ships, and pre-eminently, the men who use them—these are the materials of Conrad's genius, and they furnish the theme of his constant devotion. The nature of his sentiment towards them pervades all

his work and finds expression from the lips of almost all his characters, but it finds illustration most directly in that interesting book of essays, "The Mirror of the Sea."

There was in Conrad a curious blending of the romanticist and the realist. From the viewpoint of his gifted imagination that spontaneously wove these tales of high adventure and critical situations, of which we never tire, he is a dyed-in-the-wool romanticist, straight from the age of Scott and Byron; while in his grim determination to look the facts in the face, all the facts and nothing but the facts, he is the intensest type of the modern realist. It may be said that he looks at the sea like a sailor who understands it through long experience in all its varying moods, but he sees it as a sailor with imagination; in other words, what the average seaman dumbly feels, he interprets artistically. In like manner he looks at human beings with imagination, and so is able to discern in them, in all the kaleidoscopic experiences through which they pass, and in their various and subtle reactions to these experiences, a thousand meanings and revelations of the human spirit to which the rest of us are blind. Because of these same powers of imagination, he sees the daily happenings and passing events as well as the great crises of life in their dramatic setting, and especially, in their direct and indirect bearings on the lives that experience them.

But great as are his powers of imagination, they are always under his control; he never allows them to run riot; they never obscure his clear and patient scrutiny of the facts, however grim they may be. Conrad would echo Carlyle's noble cry for truth—"Truth! though the Heavens crush me for following her; no Falsehood! though a celestial Lubberland were the price of apostacy." No man ever wrote with greater sincerity in his purpose to compass the facts and reveal them to his readers. And his imagination is always the servant of his intense realism.

It is in his rare blending of imagination with realism that the secret of Conrad's art really lies. For Conrad is an artist to his finger-tips; he is an artist by conviction, not merely by profession; and if he brings to the work of imaginative creation a conscientiousness and sincerity learned in the strenuous school of the sea, he in turn looks out on the world of action primarily from an aesthetic point of view. In the preface of "The Nigger of the Narcissus" he describes the function of the artist as he conceives it:

> The artist speaks to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives, to our sense of pity and beauty and pain, to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation and to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity that knits together the loneliness of innumerable hearts, to the solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living, and the living to the unborn.

And then he proceeds to define still more directly his purpose in writing:

> My task which I am trying to achieve is, by the power of the written word, to make you hear, to make you feel—it is before all, to make you *see*. That and no more; and it is everything. If I succeed, you shall find here according to your desserts, encouragement, consolation, fear, charm—all you demand, and perhaps also that glimpse of truth for which you have forgotten to ask. Art is long and life is short, and success is very far off. And thus doubtful of strength to travel so far, we talk a little about the aim—the aim of art which, like life itself, is inspiring difficult obscured by mists. It is not in the clear logic of a triumphant conclusion; it is not in the unveiling of one of those heartless secrets which are called the Laws of Nature. It it not less great, but only more difficult.

Let me attempt to indicate briefly some of the more outstanding elements in Conrad's art for the sake of penerating through, if possible, to the personality and outlook of Conrad himself. For personality and art can never be divided. Plato long ago laid down the dictum that fine style will be that which best expresses a fine subject-matter, and fine subject-matter will be the expression of a fine soul. Great art is at the same time impersonal and intensely personal. It is impersonal in that its creations must speak truly for themselves; they must not be the mouthpieces merely of the author. And there is in Conrad a stern, almost puritanic sense of self-respect, or reserve, which restrains him from ever openly "giving himself away." On the other hand, he is the first to admit that the artist's work is bound to be personal in the sense that, ultimately, it is the expression of the author's vision of life. To understand his work, we want to understand the man. Yet we can only reach that central position from which all his creations proceed through the outworks; and therefore, I want to touch first upon Conrad's prose style, then his treatment of the sea, the human characters in his stories, his methods in the construction of his works, and lastly, his general attitude towards life.

Conrad's style is a source of never-ceasing wonder. When we remember that he was past twenty before he learned the English language, it is little short of amazing that he reached so high a plane of perfection in its use. Those who knew him tell us that in its use he displayed a kind of dual personality, speaking it in ordinary conversation with a foreign accent, and with the hesitation of a man who gropes for words. Yet, when he began to dictate his stories, not only did his ample vocabulary flow freely, but his very voice forgot its foreign origin, and he spoke with the accurate ease of a cultured native.

The poet in the man is revealed in his style, for you have only to open his books at any descriptive passage to feel the poetic quality of his prose; and there are many passages, for example, when the Narcissus, homeward bound, comes in sight of the English shore, to which one turns again and again just for the sheer beauty of the poetry they contain. There is an earlier and a later style in his writing which can be clearly distinguished. In his first novel, the writing makes an appeal which is at once obvious and overwhelming.

> It is rich with colors as tropical as the scenes described; it sings with a deep, resonant melody; it bears the reader along on undulating billows of interwoven rhythm and sound.

Conrad possessed a peculiar sensitiveness to sound-values in letters and syllables, and in building up of a sentence or paragraph he reveals a sure mastery of cadence and rhythm which, on a larger scale, issues in the romantic and sonorous passages which so abound in his earlier works. In his later books the rich and sensuous imagery, "the purple patches," and the rolling periods give place to a more subdued, "more nervous and less poetic manner." The first style appeals more to the emotions; the second more to the intellect; the first is more splendid, the second more subtle and faultless. The weakness of the early style is its tendency to monotony. The strength of the later style lies in its greater flexibility and in the fact that it is more expressive of fine shades in psychology. Just because it is less obvious, it is more artistic.

There have been many gifted writers on the sea before Conrad both in poetry and in prose, and there will be many after him, but it is doubtful if to any man there has ever been given that wizard mastery of all the secrets of the sea together with the wondrous gift of imparting them to others, that belongs to the genius of Joseph Conrad. The sea is to most sailormen a living and almost personal power, with a will and purpose of its own, always subtle, sometimes sportive, sometimes malevolent, mocking, challenging and defying the human insects that dare to contend with its mighty mysterious forces. Sailors are seldom vocal; but give your sailor speech and he must needs express himself in poetry; there is no other way. As some one has put it:

> Conrad, a born lover of the sea, and for nearly twenty years a ship-dwelling struggler with his dreadful mistress was chosen by the gods to speak the truth about her various moods, to the very limit of the power of human speech to render it.

The sea was the first of Conrad's illusions. It allured the youth in his land-locked home by the sparkling charm of its promise, the breadth and spaciousness of its horizons. And while to the day of his death it never lost its mysterious fascination for him, yet he has described his disillusionment when he came to perceive the other, the cruel side of the sea, after he had rescued nine men, just in time, from a sinking derelict.

> I looked with other eyes upon the sea. I knew it capable of betraying the generous ardor of youth as implacably as, indifferent to good or evil, it would have betrayed the basest greed or the noblest heroism. My conception of its magnanimous greatness was gone; and I looked upon the true sea—the sea that plays with men till their hearts are broken, and wears stout ships to death.

Far different is his feeling towards ships. The sea is fascinating but faithless and heartless; ships are enduringly faithful, constant and responsive to those who handle them aright—things almost sentient, and claiming, like living friends, the loyalty and devotion of their servants. In a hundred memorable passages Conrad has described the love they inspire.

> A ship is a complete creation endowed with character, individuality, qualities, and defects, by men whose hands launch her upon the water, and that other men shall learn to know with an intimacy surpassing the intimacy of men with men, to love with a love almost as great as that of men for women, and often as blind in its infatuated disregard for defects.

But greater than his insight into the meaning of the sea is his insight into human nature. As a matter of fact it is only as the sea touches man that it evokes his imagination; it is in its reaction on the characters of men, in the way its opposition or submissiveness provokes or seduces their actions or emotions, that it enters the range of his art. It is in the earlier days, before the time of the modern steamship, that men were confronted most directly with the sea; and it is in those men, with their simplicity, directness, integrity and fidelity, that Conrad sees the true types of real seamen.

It is amazing merely to think of the different races and nationalities represented in his novels—English, French, German, Russian, Italian, Spanish, Jew, American and South American, Negro, Indian, Chinese, Malay, Arab, etc. The strange thing is not that he has described so many nationalities, but that he has described them so well. To those who know them, the Malays, Chinese, Indians, Negroes and Arabs are as convincing as the Englishmen. But Conrad is never content to draw a mere type, whether racial or moral; his characters are each and all supremely individual, and this makes any general discussion of them almost impossible. They cannot be classified; you must, as with living persons, make their acquaintance individually; having done this you can never forget them.

Conrad's men are more various, more concrete, perhaps more real than his women, but the best of his women characters are indeed comparable with the best of his men, from the viewpoint of character-portrayal. It is part of Conrad's well-balanced outlook that none of his novels is simply a love story. The love of men and women he does indeed describe, from the exotic and almost animal passion of Aissa to the selfless maternal devotion of Mrs. Gould. But he is absolutely free from the Freudian sex-obsession that vitiates the art of so many modern writers. No more in his novels than in real life is romantic love the sole theme, or the sole source of tragedy.

It has been said that Conrad's novels have heroines but no heroes in the popular sense. It is true that his men are not "heroes" in the vulgar sense of being models of perfection, but rather in the true Aristotelian sense of being "a hero of tragedy"; that is to say, his men, and often his women, are fine characters with some single weakness, or "soft spot," in their natures that leads to disaster. In some cases the conflict that leads to tragedy is simple and even obvious. Lord Jim is a man with a keenly sensitive code of honor, who in a moment of aberration commits an act of cowardice and base treachery to the traditions of the sea. The whole of the story revolves around his agonized efforts to rehabilitate his self-respect, to make atonement—an atonement which is finally achieved in an act of self-immolation. In "Under Western Eyes," Razumov betrays to the police a fellow-student who had assassinated an official. Through every form of self-deception, self-justification, and remorse, he is borne inevitably on to the point where, though completely safe from detection, he can only redeem his soul by confessing the truth. In both these stories the issue is straightforward, though Conrad's art wrings the last ounce of tragic value out of them. In others of his novels, for example, "Nostromo," where the moral is less obvious and the treatment more impersonal, Conrad's art touches even greater heights.

It is the inner life of men that absorbs Conrad's passionate interest—the play and inner-play of motives, the unpredictability of human action, a sense of the complexity of human life, of the overwhelming significance of the trivial event or unimportant happening on the one hand, and the equal significance of the massive impersonal forces of nature and of civilization moving obscurely in the background; the indifferent immensity of oceans and empires, of the universe and of life surrounding human lives and playing upon them in a thousand subtle ways, and in the foreground, some individual pitiable in his ignorance and weakness, clinging to the frail poignancy of love, of loyalty, of aspiration, pitting his feeble strength against the mighty forces without and within, vaguely yet sincerely reaching out and up—chance, victory. No other writer of England has felt with equal sensitiveness the shadows cast upon the souls of men by a silver mine, by an almost oriental despotism, by an outpost of civilization upon the margin of an impenetrable jungle. No other writer has understood quite so well the irrationality of the primitive emotions with which all men struggle, nor how slight the cause that may turn the struggle into either defeat or victory. No one has interpreted quite

so accurately the exquisite unreason of the profoundest passion. No one has probed more deeply or more illuminatingly the sources of weakness that lie hidden in every human being, and yet, no one has seen more clearly that there is something of worth—something we can respect and love, in even the worst and the weakest of men. This is why we close any book that has come from the pen of this gifted writer with the feeling that he has indeed helped us to *see* and *understand,* in a deeper sense than ever before, the hidden capacities of human nature both for weakness and defeat, and also for heroism and victory. What he reveals to us is sometimes terrifying, sometimes consoling, sometimes inspiring, but whatever it is, it always brings us nearer to that true knowledge of ourselves that we are forever seeking.

It is when one turns to the general construction of Conrad's novels that one perceives both the peculiar of the work. But one of the peculiarities of Conrad's method is that the stories do not proceed chronologically from start to finish, but tend to be a chess-board of parentheses and second-handed reports. For instance, "Nostromo" opens in a scene of wild disorder and riot in the South American seaport of Sulaco—the revolt of the populace at the defeat of the constitutional party. In the midst of this revolt we are given a glimpse of Charles Gould, whose silver mine is endangered. Then we are carried back twenty years to Charles Gould's boyhood, through his marriage and settlement in Sulaco; and we are gradually introduced to the various characters whose fortunes are to be involved in the fortunes of the silver mine; and at last, after 180 pages, we are brought back to the point at which we started—the popular revolt. But this is not all. As the story proceeds we are continually returning on our tracks as it were; we first hear of Decoud's suicide, and afterwards learn the explanation; we find Hirsch dangling from a beam and only later learn how he came to that tragic end; and when Nostromo is setting out on his perilous journey to summon the relieving army, we are suddenly lifted out of the scene and replanted there several years later, when Sulaco is already flourishing again from the results of the victory, the manner of whose achieving we have yet to learn.

This curiously roundabout method of narration is one of the chief obstacles to easy enjoyment of Conrad. The average reader likes a straightforward story, and he becomes exasperated by these twistings and turnings that leave him at the end of the book somewhat bewildered as to what has really happened. For this reason the best introduction to Conrad is through his short stories which are more direct and consecutive. But though Conrad doubtless does overdo this retrospective method, especially in some of his stories, it is certainly not a mere purposeless mannerism. This method of thus gradually winding into a story is slow, and to those who are only reading for plot, it is tedious. But it has its decided advantages. As Conrad employs this method, he gradually winds the reader right into the heart of the situation, and, little by little, makes him intimately conversant with the characters involved so that when the crisis finally arrives, he is in a position to appreciate all the finer and subtler meanings in it, he understands just why the characters react in the way they do, and he grasps at once the psychology of the most minute reverberations in all the nooks and crannies of the story.

Another peculiarity of Conrad's method has in view the same end of intimacy. His characters are seldom self-revealing. And to secure the intimate knowledge desired, Conrad will tell much of the story indirectly, either through its own characters, or as in "Lord Jim" and some of the shorter stories, through the mouth of the reflective Marlowe. This use of a detached narrator accomplishes something of the same purpose performed by the Chorus in the old Greek tragedies. We see how a certain character acts in a given situation, and then, this is supplemented by the insight of the by-stander, or the philosophic Marlowe, who sees the action from a different angle and reveals hidden reasons and inner motives that the character himself would never reveal. We thus come to know the character not alone as he sees himself, but also, as others see him; we get his own estimate of himself, and also the verdict of his little world upon him.

Again, Conrad's way of omitting a description of the climax itself, save when it is over, causes the story to suffer in the eyes of those who read primarily for the coarse thrills of "blood and thunder"; but in reality it achieves an even finer psychological thrill—the thrill of tracing the subtle influence of the climax on the personalities and characters of those concerned. It is part of the strength and greatness of Conrad that, exciting as his stories are, their chief interest is never based on adventurous incident, but on adventurous personality. Do not forget that it was not the ocean nor the mysterious coast that inspired Conrad to write, but the inscrutable folly of *a man,* Almayer. The story of his greatest voyage was in reality the story of a man—"The Nigger of the Narcissus." His best short story, "Youth," is not the story of the worn-out vessel that tried and tried and tried again to carry its cargo from England to India, and that finally caught fire and blew up in the Indian Ocean, driving the crew to the small boats and the open sea; it is the story of the young man who made his first voyage as mate on this fated vessel. This is why his novels gain with every fresh reading. Each time one enters more fully into the characters affected, each time one is more wholly seized by the illusions of this world created by the author's imagination, and each time the *denouement* is more profoundly significant, more intensely poignant and throbbing with life.

But Joseph Conrad is much more than the artist and poet; his matchless stories reveal far more to us than the secrets of the sea and those still deeper secrets of the human heart. He is a profound thinker who has found in his experience a philosophy of life, or at least, a philosophic attitude toward life, that endears his books to some of us more than all else. In my own judgment Conrad's greatness rests not so much on the rich canvasses of his tropical seas, nor yet upon the life-like characters he has portrayed so clearly, as upon the delicate tracery of his lyric poetry and, still more, on the grand outlines of a cosmic philosophy that I find in his works. You will not find his philosophy in any preachments or bits of moralizing, as you do in Wells or Bernard Shaw. He is too much the artist for that. More than once he speaks almost bitterly of those who set themselves up as moralists or teachers. For himself he is content to perceive and appreciate both good and evil values, and to create beauty out of the pity and tragic wonder of their conflict.

From this viewpoint there is a something timeless about Conrad's books. Apart from the mere stories, they could have been read a thousand years ago, as they may be read a thousand years from now. For the

more thoughtfully we read Conrad the more clearly we come to see that these stories, after all, are only the frame-work—the background—for an outlook upon life that is the deepest truest thing that Conrad has to give. The sea with all its mysterious power is but the symbol of life with which we are all daily struggling; the seamen he depicts so vividly are but typical of all men and women everywhere; and the ships he loves represent those few but priceless things to which we pledge fidelity in the presence of the mysteries that surround us. I like to think of Joseph Conrad, during those many years he spent at sea, standing night after night on the deck of his vessel, peering out with steady, alert eyes into the darkness whither his ship was driving, and reflecting, as his mind was bound to reflect, upon the meaning of existence and the significance of human experience. How did this mysterious universe appear to him, as he trod the deck and peered out into the enveloping darkness? What did life come to mean to him and how did he interpret it? For nearly twenty years before he began to write he lived the life of a man of action, sailing all the seas, and coming to close quarters with men and women of all nations and all classes.

For Joseph Conrad all life was tragic, and his stories and novels are saturated with tragic irony. There is a sombre note running all through them that reminds one of the old Greek tragedies. To say this, however, is not to say that he is gloomy or mournful, or even ultimately pessimistic. Mr. Mencken, in his "Book of Prefaces," ten years ago, described Conrad as a man "forever fascinated by the immense indifference of things, the tragic vanity of the blind groping which we call aspiration, the profound meaninglessness of life." At the time of his death, George Sterling, the California poet, referred to Conrad as "our dead King of Pessimism, not excepting Hardy."

After reading all the works of Conrad I cannot agree with this estimate. To me the difference between the pessimism of Hardy and that of Conrad lies here. To Hardy the whole of creation is the working of some blind will, which condemns to a preponderance of suffering not man merely, but all sentient beings down to the wounded rabbit, the crippled toad, the crushed worm. And man, in this scheme, is largely a helpless puppet; there seems to be a brooding impersonal fate which drives him on, whether or no, to his own doom. The last sentence in Hardy's "Tess" reveals the philosophy of thorough-going pessimism, "The gods had ended their sport with Tess." In such a universe the issues are hardly moral issues at all, and the tragedy is that of inevitable suffering, rather than that of moral failure or redemption; it is a cosmic rather than an individual tragedy that Hardy sets forth.

With Conrad, on the other hand, while tragedy seems to be inherent in things, it is from first to last human; there is no implication of some blind or malevolent force opposing man's hopes and aspirations, no personification of a pitiless nature; rather, men are their own fates, and they bring disasters upon themselves. In Hardy the significance of human action diminishes to zero, and therewith the dignity of it too; mankind are immensely pitiable but ultimately futile and powerless. But for Conrad, just because man is the "captain of his soul," the issues of human action are exalted to a piercing, albeit a tragic, beauty. That this action should result largely in tragedy is due, not to the nature of the universe as such, but to the natures of individual men and women.

The essence of the tragic irony in Conrad is found in his conception of illusion—a word that is found all through his writings. We speak of being "disillusioned" when we come to lose our faith in some sanguine hope or some ardent ideal. But Conrad uses the word in a wider sense, to cover all the ends of human action, even when in themselves good. A definitely evil purpose is the most obvious form of illusion; but to Conrad, innocent or good purposes tend almost inevitably to become tragic illusions, either in their too great absorption of the individual, for example, when reforming enthusiasm becomes the *idée fixe* of fanaticism, or because they are unrealizable, or because, in the very process of realization, they are bound as ideals to deteriorate.

But although he sees that all particular purposes tend to become illusory, Conrad would by no means have us fold our arms and settle down to passive despair. He also sees that ideas, or illusions, are all-pervasive and inescapable; everyone who lives, lives for the sake of something, and that something is an illusion in embryo. As Peter Ivanovitch says in "Under Western Eyes," "The man who says he has no illusions has at least that one." And in "Victory" Conrad develops at length the situation of a man who schools himself against failure by refusing to aim at success. The supreme illusion of Heyst is his attempt to live without illusions, to avoid the penalties of life by refusing to participate in life, to watch the stream flow by as an idle Lucretian spectator from the banks. He sincerely tries the principle that it is better not to love at all, than to love and finally lose; and the final conclusion seems intended to show that this illusion is the most tragic of all. Heyst's last bitter cry is, "Woe to the man who has not learned while young to hope, to love, to trust life."

We do not recognize the illusory character of our purposes until we are forced to do so by disaster; but the irony comes in when an impersonal observer sees the agonizing efforts we make for an end he knows to be more or less illusory. This is the source of Conrad's tragic irony. He sees the exertions and struggles of men to be largely for futile ends; yet he admires the indomitable courage, the faith and the loyalty which the conflict calls forth from them; and it is from the combination of these—of illusory ends and the heroic qualities which go to achieve them, that he weaves the splendid mantle of his tragedies.

This does not mean that for Conrad all convictions, all principles, all ideas, are "illusions." There are a few simple ideas, he tells us, upon which the temporal world rests—so simple that they must be as old as the hills. Such are Fidelity, Sincerity, Humanity, and action expressive of these is never "illusory," though the particular ends to which we are sincerely faithful may be. One man is sincerely convinced of the rightness of the existing order, another as sincerely convinced that it should be blown to atoms. The reactionary and the revolutionary are both, from Conrad's point of view, pursuing illusions, yet their sincerity and singleness of purpose may, nevertheless, be altogether praiseworthy. Their mistake lies in their intolerance of each other; and yet intolerance seems to be an inevitable ingredient in all strong conviction and in all vigorous action.

The pessimism of Conrad, therefore, is never quite the pessimism of despair. His philosophy leads him to what he describes as "the cherishing of an undying hope"; and hope according to his definition is "the God-sent form of trust in the magic force and inspira-

tion belonging to the life of this earth," and implies "all the effort of piety and renunciation." The theme which Conrad presents most frequently is one of affection, devotion, protection, tested by danger, by the fury of nature, or by the craft of savage men, calling out from men and women courage, loyalty, endurance, and sacrifice. The object of this devotion may be a child, a ship, a woman. Often his theme is the loyalty between men of different races, of white men to brown, or black to white; for he sees, none more clearly, the solidarity of mankind in spite of all seeming racial differences.

The tragedy of life, from which his mind cannot escape through any easy-going optimism that disregards the clear and patent facts of human existence, does not drive him to cynicism or despair as it does so many others. Pessimist he may be, but he is the loving, pitying, tender-hearted pessimist who persists in "cherishing an undying hope"; if his heroes are not conquerors in the material sphere, still the significant thing is that *they continue to strive.* Twenty years of struggle against the sea had taught Joseph Conrad that it can never be finally vanquished, and in the end it always gets the best of men and their ships. The same may be true in man's struggle with life, of which Conrad's sea is the symbol. But amid all his doubts, and facing the inevitable tragedy of life, of one thing Conrad is sure: it is through the persistent struggle with life and all it may involve that man alone can become Man, that man's one chance for nobility lies in the ceaseless struggle, however hopeless it may turn out to be.

This to Conrad is the core of life. It is through facing the horrors of a dead calm, with a sick crew on board and no medicine, that the young master of the sailing vessel in the Pacific crosses successfully the *Shadow Line* that divides youth from manhood. "Keep on facing it," so the old skipper tells the young mate in "Typhoon." Threatened by the advancing cyclone, Captain MacWhirr, "the stupid man," of no imagination, decides almost instinctively that the only thing to be done is to keep up steam and face the wind. By sheer force of personality he holds the crew together and carries the ship through. And in the desperate struggle, every nerve on edge for hours that seem unending, MacWhirr finds time to care for the crowd of terrified coolies who have been seized by panic and are fighting madly in the hold. He restores order and gives the Chinese a chance for their lives, and when the men are inclined to grumble, thinking only of the safety of the ship, MacWhirr justifies his action to the mate with the words:

> Had to do what's fair for all * * * they are only Chinamen. Give them the same chance with ourselves * * * Couldn't let that go on in my ship, if I knew she hadn't five minutes to live. Couldn't bear it, Mr. Jukes.

He does not know whether the ship will be lost or not, even as we do not know whether mankind will be lost or not—but what he does know is *how to act now,* regardless of the ultimate outcome. But he does not lose hope. "She may come out of it yet." And when the mate shouts in his ear that the boats are gone, the captain yells back, "Can't be helped. Keep facing it." The mate has been shouting his fears through the thunder of the storm.

> And again he heard that voice, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice—the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall and justice is done—again he heard it, and it was crying to him, as if from very, very far—"All right."

Conrad has been called an aesthetic moralist, or a moral aesthete. There are moralists incapable of art, and there are artists disdainful of morals. Joseph Conrad is greater than either, and for the simple reason—he is an artist with a conscience. One might say that for him it is neither "Art for Art's sake," nor "Art for Life's sake," but "Life for Art's sake."

New York City. —*John Herman Randall.*

CORRESPONDENCE

THE NEXT WAR ON THE WAY

EDITOR OF UNITY:

In discussing the Locarno agreements you ask: "If the aggravations to war can be removed here, why can they not be removed everywhere?" The answer was written by Taraknath Das, published October 26.

Because here you have in incubation, *not* war between nations, but a *world struggle* between two ECONOMIC systems, and when the struggle breaks the better way will be defeated by the *strength* and efficiency of the old style of individual private profit.

"Truth forever on the scaffold. Wrong forever on the throne."

This astounding access of friendliness at Locarno is but the Powers preparing for a greater war than the last. You can see it coming if you watch the clouds.

A. J. MUSGROVE NORMAN.

DRINK IN INDIA

Dear UNITY:

. . . I have already posted you two articles in connection with opium and intoxicants to which I add the following notes:—

"You would find that according to Govt., 'Government could not be carried on without Drink Revenue.' In the Legislative Assembly once Sir Wm. Vincent replied, when asked, 'Is there any truth in the allegation that men have been prosecuted for preaching temperance?' (Sir Wm. Vincent said:) 'Certainly not. (?) Government has *never opposed* (?) any one advocating the cause of temperance only. When violence is used then are persons prosecuted'."

This is very well as a copy-book maxim, but when the Government of India makes a profit each year of rupees 17 (seventeen) crores out of its licensing and excise for "liquors and drugs," and when Government has a special department, whose sole interest it is to collect this revenue, and when promotion in this service depends largely on the effectiveness of revenue collection, is it not certain that those in authority will be directed by their masters to assist in their design to encourage the consumption of that liquor and drug from which such large revenues are expected?

May I request you, Mr. Editor, to take up this matter seriously by giving a little space to this letter and "expose the British Government that can subjugate 300,000,000 helpless Indian people and then turn them into drug addicts for the sake of revenue, which nation commits a cold-blooded atrocity unparalleled by any atrocity committed in the rage and heat of war." Yours earnestly,

Lahore, India. D. N. UKUM.

A CORRECTION

Footnote to article, "The Other Side of Jesus," in issue of January 11, page 262, should read, "his eldest" instead of "elder brothers."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet

AUSTRIA.—The inscription on the war memorial erected by the Socialist municipality of Vienna, in memory of 10,000 citizens who died of wounds received in the war, reads: "No More War."

* * *

BALKANS.—The rapid dealing with the frontier incident between Greece and Bulgaria is justly claimed as a triumph for the Council of the League. It is generally recognized that the main business of the international commission which has been appointed is not merely to assign responsibility for the past, but to provide against future recurrence. It is to be hoped that the incident will not wholly pass without bringing into public notice certain facts which are little attended to: the loss by Bulgaria of territory which she could justly claim; the expulsion of Bulgarians from the parts of Macedonia which now belong to Greece; the refugee problem in both countries; and the failure of the League to deal adequately with the Minorities question. A hopeful suggestion is that of a Balkan *Locarno*.

* * *

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.—In the new Budget of the Czecho-Slovak Republic, the expenditure on the Army amounts to one-fifth of the total. The provision for National Defense amounts to 1,935 millions crowns; for Education, 890 million crowns, out of a total of 10,070. Interest on loans for military purposes, as well as the cost to the civil authorities of the administration of conscription, are not included in this account; therefore the actual cost of military activities is considerably higher.

The following extract is taken from a ten-page Memorandum sent by Prezmysl Pitter to President Masaryk:

"There remains to us only one way of deliverance from the terrible confusion of our time: to remove from our heart every thought of murder and to take no part in evil! That is the only answer to the question: 'What ought we to do?' I do not believe in Government pacifism; it deceives the people and deludes the nations. War will endure so long as men lack that which will oppose this madness and, at the price of individual sacrifice, will give an example for thousands to follow. Only Loves saves the world!"

* * *

FREE CITY OF DANZIG.—A successful conference of leading Polish and German pacifists took place on October 25, arranged by the League of the Rights of Man. Both Poles and Germans agreed that the existing frontiers must be recognized as legal and, while realizing that German public opinion including the pacifists, was in favor of altering the Eastern frontiers by legal means, the German Liga für Menschenrechte adopted a neutral position, offering neither encouragement nor hindrance. From the Polish side it was argued that a passage to the sea was necessary and that this question might become a danger to European peace. The Polish pacifists and social democrats are working for the reduction of the Polish army from 250,000 to 150,000 and for lessening the time of service. A resolution expressed satisfaction with the Polish Government's decision in the German optants' question; others urged the renewal of economic relations between the countries and suggested the establishment of a German-Polish journal as a step towards political and cultural understanding. A permanent mixed commission is to be formed, for the study of the whole Minority question, and it is proposed to work for meetings between members of the two nations, especially among youth.

FRANCE.—*The French Bombardment of Damascus* is another example of the danger inherent in the mandate system as at present interpreted by the Western Powers. Reliance on armed force in the government of mandated territory results in careless or ill-advised policy, followed by the vicious circle of violent outbreaks, panic and then further violence. The recall of General Serrail and the substitution of a civilian governor may be the first step to a wiser and more pacific policy towards the Druse tribes.

The League for the Legal Recognition of Conscientious Objection has sent a petition to every member of Parliament, asking for support of the proposed law to recognize conscientious objectors. The petition urges the fact such recognition has already been given in England, U. S. A., Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark and Russia. It is suggested that France would do well "to follow an example which will soon be the mark of civilized states." The petition is being circulated among the public for signatures.

* * *

GREAT BRITAIN.—Connected with Armistice Day, which has been celebrated this year in a quieter spirit than hitherto, meetings and demonstrations were arranged in London, Bristol, and other parts of the country, for propaganda and discussion on peace subjects. At the Guildhall Banquet, London's most important civic function, Mr. Chamberlain sat next to the German Ambassador. The "Loving Cup" having been passed round the table, Mr. Chamberlain said in his address: "I have drunk tonight the Loving Cup with the German Ambassador. What I have done this evening may our nations do tomorrow!" Special note has been taken in the Press of the fact that German divers have come from Kiel with apparatus to co-operate in the efforts to reach the British submarine which was lost in the recent heavy seas. A demand for the total abolition of the submarine has been made in *The Times* by the

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FROM OUR RUSSIAN CORRESPONDENT
(A Personal Letter)

Dear Mr. Holmes:

It is nearly a year since I wrote to you my last letter. . . Many things happened during this year. . . We live now in Odessa, my native town. Dr. H. is working in the harbor and in the University. Lately I was invited to take part in the cultural work among the women housekeepers.

My time is divided between the housework, study of English and Russian with my son, and writing a little booklet on the subject of development of speech by a baby. My girl is still in Leningrad to continue her art studies. On Sundays I feel very lonely as there is no such a place as our home-like Community Church of New York.

Odessa, Russia. ALINA HUEBSCH.

ANOTHER DISSENTER

Editor of UNITY:

I read with much interest and agreement, Mr. Ernest M. Whitesmith's letter printed in your paper of some weeks ago. I heartily agree with him in everything he said. To speak the plain unvarnished truth, a "Community Church" is nothing more or less than a polyglot of unmixable ideas, a mongrel monstrosity and a circus menagerie. A Community Church has no valid reason for being, except in small country communities, where there are not enough people of any one religious brand to support a church of any special denomination. As a general principle, it is a farce. Like one of the seven churches spoken about in the book of Revelations, it is "neither hot nor cold," and is naturally "spued out of the mouth" in contempt.

How can a theist and a humanist comfortably fellowship in the same church? The theist glories in his "GOD" and loves to pray to him and sing to him, while the materially minded humanist tries his level best to never even mention God, and ignores the God-idea in every way, shape and form. In place of the words, "kingdom of God," he inanely says, "kingdom of right." Such a colorless, impersonal brand of religion will never get beyond its swaddling clothes. Just let the general public once get it into its head, that any given church does its best to ignore the idea of God, and see how long that church will hold the respect and esteem of the Christian world. Why the very idea is ridiculous! To whom does the humanist pray? If man is the ultimate end and there is nothing higher, then the humanist prays to himself, if he prays at all. The very name Unitarian, refers to the unity of the Godhead. The humanist tries to degrade the name Unitarian into meaning a unity of all ideas into one organization or church, hence his pet "Community Church." While the Unitarian Church fosters freedom of thought and toleration towards others, it rightfully considers freedom of thought as a means and not an end in itself. A Church that stands for nothing specific, has no reason to stand at all. A Church that makes the "spread eagle" so broad that it sags in the middle, not only becomes weak, but is impractical and impracticable. The idea of a "Community Church" is built up on the theory of what the human race should be, and not on what the human race actually is. It is all theory, and up in the clouds, and subject to the different winds and currents of thought, and is like the winds and clouds, neither here nor there for any length of time. While I do not think the community-church-bitter-enders are "fools" altogether, yet I firmly believe they live and dream in a "fool's paradise."

I know this letter is outspoken and blunt more or less, yet I would just as soon have a person call "a spade a spade," as to have him give a hypocritical smile and act insultingly polite.

Yours in spite of disagreement,

Washington, D. C. H. W. HARDY.

Chairman of Lloyd's, and is being supported from various quarters. It may be supposed that to the strong humanitarian motives that are undoubtedly prompting this demand are to be added the recognition of the special peril of the submarine to an island state dependent on food from over-seas.

Books: In "Now is the Time" Arthur Ponsonby, who was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs under MacDonald, definitely commits himself to the radical pacifist position. The book is part of a campaign into which he has thrown himself with all energy to persuade a million British citizens to refuse to take up arms at the bidding of any Government whatsoever on any plea whatsoever. "A "Peace-Letter to the Prime Minister" embodying such a declaration is being widely signed, and it is known that Ponsonby has at least the private support of some politicians who have held the highest offices in the State.

* * *

NORWAY.—*The Norwegian and Swedish Governments* have extended their laws providing alternative service for religious conscientious objectors, to those who resist on moral grounds.

* * *

POLAND.—Recent developments in Poland show the beginnings of a new attitude, both in the treatment of minorities and in relations with neighbors outside. A correspondent writes that not only has Poland actually spent far less on her army than the Budget had provided, but she has concluded arbitration conventions with Sweden, Czecho-Slovakia, Esthonia, Latvia, and Finland, and is negotiating for a similar arrangement with Lithuania. The visit of M. Tchicherin to Warsaw was significant of a new friendliness with Russia, which contradicts the "historic necessity" of hostility, and is in keeping with their closer economic relations. As a result of the Locarno agreement, the Polish Government has decided to stop the expulsion of German residents who refuse Polish nationality; this means that 1,500 settlers who were to leave Poland in November, and 5,000 with the same prospect next year, will be able to remain in their homes. Relations between the Government and the Jewish and Slav minorities have also been improved by the grant of greater freedom in Education.

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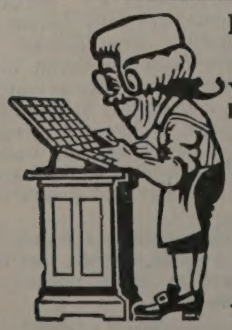

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